Ran fearfully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatans,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*,
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlandered with reuolt.
King. Thou doſt bely him *Percy*, thou doſt bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the Diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kind from me,
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſonne,
Send vs your priſoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunke with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Heere comes your Vnckle.
Hot. Speake of *Mortimer?*
Zounds I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule
Want mercy if I doe not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, Ile empty all theſe veines,
And ſhed my deare bloud, drop by drop i'th duſt,
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in 'th ayre as this vnthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrooke*.
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.
Wor. Who ſtrooke this heat vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will forſooth haue all my priſoners,
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And on my face he turn'd an
Trembling euen at the name
Wor. I cannot blame him,
By *Richard* that dead is, then
Nor. He was; I heard the
And then it was, when the vn
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pa
Vpon his *Iriſh* expedition;
From whence he intercepted,
To be depos'd and ſhortly m
Wor. And for whoſe death,
Liue ſcandaliz'd and foulie ſp
Hot. But ſoft I pray you, d
Proclaime my brother *Mort*
Heire to the Crowne?
Nor. He did, my ſelfe did
Hot. Nay then I cannot bl
That wiſht him on the barren
But ſhall it be that you that ſe
Vpon the head of this forget
And for his ſake weare the de
Of murtherous ſubornation
That you a world of curſes v
Being the agents, or baſe ſec
The cords, the ladder, or the
O pardon if that I deſcend ſo
To ſhew the line and the pred
Wherein you range vnder th
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken
Or fill vp Cronicles in time t
That men of your nobility a
Did gage them both in an vn
(As both of you God pardon
To put downe *Richard* that ſw
And plant this thorne, this c
And ſhall it in more ſhame be
That you are fool'd, diſcarde
By him, for whom theſe ſham

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